

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1884.

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LOCAL EXAMINATIONS (of Musical Students) will take place in the Spring, 1884. Last Day for receiving names, February 1st.

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SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.
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MR BRINLEY RICHARDS' PIANOFORTE RECITAIS,
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"The masterpiece of the evening was a Sonata of Beethoven's, rendered with marvellous dexterity and exquisite taste by Mr Brinley Richards. The Lecture throughout was a treat rarely enjoyed by lovers of music in Hull."—*Eastern Morning News*, Jan. 2.

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BY

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WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S "OH BUY MY FLOWERS."

MADAME REEVES will sing Sir JULIUS BENEDICT'S
"CARNIVAL OF VENICE," and WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S "O BUY
MY FLOWERS," at Clapton, at her Students' Concert, Monday next, Jan. 14th.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP."
WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S "O BUY MY FLOWERS."

MISS RICHARDSON (from Milan) will sing Sir JULIUS
BENEDICT'S popular Song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," and WELLINGTON
GUERNSEY'S "O BUY MY FLOWERS," at Mr N. Mori's Musical Reunion,
Jan. 21st.

"RÉVERIE," and "TZIGANESCA"

SIGNOR CARLO DUCCI will play his two admired
Compositions, "RÉVERIE" and "TZIGANESCA," at Richmond, Feb. 1st;
and at Ladbroke Hall, Notting Hill, February 2nd.

"THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE."

MISS BEATA FRANCIS will sing Sir JULIUS BENEDICT'S
Variations on "THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE," at Reading, Jan. 17th.

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GAVOTTE IN D, for the Pianoforte price 4/-

GIGUE IN G, for the Pianoforte price 4/-

Composed by

LILLIE ALBRECHT.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Messrs Duncan Davidson & Co.'s firm include two pianoforte pieces, a Gavotte and Gigue, from the pen of Miss Lillie Albrecht. These are very creditable to the author's fancy and skill, and above the common order in certain respects.

—Daily Telegraph

"In her two pianoforte pieces, a Gigue in G and a Gavotte in D, Lillie Albrecht reveals characteristic taste and skill. Gavottes are now so popular, and so many are written, that it must be almost as difficult to discover new phrases in this rhythm as it is to write an original song. Miss Albrecht has done well, therefore, in producing a gavotte that can claim to be free from reminiscences besides possessing decided grace. The Gigue runs through its merry course with unabated animation, and can be made extremely effective even in the hands of a moderate player."—Sunday Times.

"Gavotte in D major, Gigue in G major, for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. This young lady has added these two most taking pieces to her previous compositions. When played by her they have always elicited warm applause. The subject of the Gavotte especially is very elegant, and will be generally liked."

—Lady's Pictorial.

"Copies of the cleverly-written Gavotte in D and the Gigue in G, by the accomplished pianist, Miss Lillie Albrecht, published by Messrs Davidson & Co., have been graciously accepted by the Queen and the Princess Louise."

—Morning Post.

"Miss Lillie Albrecht, a brilliant pianist, and a composer of ever-increasing popularity, has been informed by Sir Henry Ponsonby of Her Majesty's acceptance of Miss Albrecht's latest work, Gigue and Gavotte. Her Royal Highness, with her accustomed affability, has also accepted a copy."—The Drama.

"Both these pieces have been played with great success by the gifted young composer at her recitals in Lowndes Square, Belgravia, where the reviewer had the pleasure to hear them. Messrs Duncan Davidson have found some effective music in Miss Albrecht's numerous pieces, whereof they have published a tempting list for Christmas; many of the numbers have new editions, demanded by an eager public. The Gigue is in 6-8 time. The Gavotte begins, according to rule, on the second half of the bar. Miss Albrecht writes for her instrument with a loving regard for its genius, and never puts pen to paper except to record worthy ideas."—Musical Standard.

"The Gavotte in D claims attention from the elegant and finished style in which it is written. From D major the key is changed to the dominant (A), thence to the relative minor (F sharp), finally closing in the original key. It is worthy of a place in the repertoire of every pianist who wishes to secure a solo both charming and melodious. A short time since we had the pleasure of hearing the "Gigue" played by the composer at one of her recitals, and the favourable impression created is not easily forgotten. Miss Albrecht must indeed have well studied her theme in order to write a piece containing such excellent and exquisite qualities. We advise our readers to make an early acquaintance with this very pretty morceau. It is a clever and skilful composition."—Court Circle.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The circular announcing the seventy-second season of the Philharmonic Society has just been issued. A series of six concerts is to be given this year, commencing in February. Before this time arrives, and during the recess in concert-giving which obtains at Christmas-tide, it will be well to reflect on what this society has done for the art of music, and to take into consideration its aims and present position.

In the limited space that can be here allotted to an article, it would be impossible to do more than glance at the history of the Society, and recount in the briefest way its past achievements. There is, indeed, little necessity for this in detail. The account of the Philharmonic Society written by its old secretary, G. Hogarth, and the excellent article concerning it in Sir George Grove's Dictionary, to which the name of Mr Stanley Lucas is appended, supply sufficient general information. As, however, these books are not available to all who are interested in the Society, a few remarks may be permitted on the past career of the institution, before coming to the special purpose to which attention is desired to be called.

When the annals of English music come to be written by some pen at once equal to the difficult task, and in full sympathy with the theme to be illustrated, surely the history of the society quietly founded by Cramer, Corri, and Dance in 1813, will form a chapter of the deepest interest!—an interest, it may be pointed out, by no means confined to the art in this country, but radiating far and wide over the whole civilized world that recognizes the dignity and rejoices in the delights of sweet sounds. Musicians are indebted to the Philharmonic Society of London for many a work since become immortal that it has commissioned and first brought forward. From the year which succeeded its birth, when £200 was accorded to Cherubini for a new symphony and overture, some music being also commissioned from Beethoven, down to 1867, when Sir Arthur Sullivan's classical *Marmion* overture was written by request, what a long list of new and valuable music produced under its ægis is entered on the roll of the old Society! To catalogue no more than Spohr's No. 2, Beethoven's "Choral," and Mendelssohn's Italian Symphonies, with the "Infelice" *scena*, is to recall to mind works that must ever rank as masterpieces of genius and art. Again and again has the Philharmonic supplied us with fresh compositions that occupy an important place among the classics of music. So long ago as forty-two years, Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* overture was heard there for the first time in England; and to show that despite its green old age the Society is still undecayed in vigour, it was but two seasons ago that the same composer's neglected, but wondrous *Romeo and Juliet* music was first completely revealed to the astonished and somewhat sceptical musicians of London, under the painstaking direction of Mr Cusins. All Mendelssohn's symphonies, save the posthumous *Reformation*, as well as his poetical violin concerto *Athalie* music and *Ruy Blas* overture, were first brought to a hearing under its auspices, the composer himself wielding the *bâton*; similar services were rendered to most of Beethoven's symphonies, his pianoforte concertos, grand Mass in D, and music to *Egmont*; Schumann's B flat Symphony, *Genoève* overture, and his cantata, *Paradise and the Peri*; Wagner's prelude to *Tannhäuser*, and the *Rienzi* overture, together with a selection from *Lohengrin*; Rubinstein's pianoforte concerto in G, *Paradise Lost*, and Dramatic Symphony, Gade's A minor symphony, and overture to *Ossian*. To this brief epitome, space will only permit to be added the honoured names of the following composers, as among those who have enjoyed the distinction of having had some of their important contributions to music first introduced at the Philharmonic Society's concerts:—Moscheles, Molique, Hiller, Gounod, Silas, Macfarren, Max Bruch, Sterndale Bennett, Barnett, Cowen, Raff, and Brahms; all names entitled to honour in the realm of art.

The services rendered by the Philharmonic have not been confined merely to the production and presentation of music to English audiences. Nearly all the great players have made their *début* at the Society's concerts. The artistic recognition there accorded confers world-wide celebrity, for the *cachet* of the Philharmonic is respected far and wide. Liszt, still living and working, made his first appearance there in a concerto of Hummel's, so long ago as fifty-six years, and just seventeen years after, in 1844, the prince of violinists, Joachim, first came before a London audience, playing Beethoven's violin concerto. Mendelssohn played again and again, ever meeting with that hearty appreciation to which his genius entitled him. It would occupy more than a column to catalogue merely the names of the distinguished artists who have assisted at the six hundred concerts the Society has given since its foundation. It is sufficient to say that from Romberg, who appeared in 1814, down to Herr de Pachmann, who played last season, nearly every artist and composer of note has been afforded the opportunity of playing or singing there. Among the honoured names of those who

have conducted its concerts, are to be found those of Clementi, Cherubini, Spohr, Weber, Mendelssohn, Hiller, Wagner, Gounod, Moscheles, Hummel, Sir Henry Bishop, Sir George Smart, Sir Sterndale Bennett, Sir Michael Costa, and Mr W. G. Cusins.*

It would require a lengthy essay to trace out, and comment on the value of the work done by the Philharmonic Society. As becomes the foremost musical institution of our land, it has ever been the encourager and exponent of the highest and best forms of music. For many years past it has held aloft the sacred lamp of pure art, and its banner is proudly emblazoned with triumphs, such as no other musical institution can boast of. May the time be far distant when that banner comes to be suspended in the Temple of Art as a relic of the past. Through the energy and sound judgment with which the affairs of the Society have been directed, it has gained a firm hold on the sympathies of the public. If its Directors will only adhere to the same high standard, and—bearing in mind that art is progressive and acknowledges no finality—accord a place on their programmes to composers of the day, whose works exhibit distinct merit, then the support granted to the institution in the past is not likely to become lessened in the future.

One can hardly help indulging in the remembrance of an episode in the history of the Society, showing that it is something more than a mere concert-giving institution. Amidst the treasures in the library of the Philharmonic, there is perhaps none more highly valued than the touching letter written by Beethoven but eight days before his death. In this, the mighty tone poet expresses heartfelt thanks for the receipt of the £100 which the Society, in answer to his appeal, had despatched to the sorrowing and suffering musician. It is indeed something to move the heart and stir the pulse of us English musicians, to know that it was to our land that Beethoven turned when distress seemed upon him, rather than to his German friends. We are proud to remember that the Philharmonic Society did not flinch from the duty devolving upon it from its prominent position, granting an immediate response to the expressed wants of the dying musician. To say that the directors of the day did their duty, is to accord the highest praise that can be given. Beethoven's own words were:—"Should Heaven only be pleased to restore me again to health, I will prove to the noble English how much I value their sympathy in my melancholy fate."

There now remains one question connected with the Philharmonic to which the attention of the readers of this paper is especially requested. That is the very important matter of support. The concerts of the Society must necessarily be expensive. Mingled with much pecuniary success, the institution has had its times of difficulty and trouble. Its most disastrous season was that of 1855, when the fortunes of the Society under the direction of Wagner fell to a low ebb. Happily, Sterndale Bennett, who took office in the following year, rescued it from the dilemma that it had been left in; his reign as conductor was successful financially, as well as artistically. In the year 1875, losses again occurred, necessitating further sales of its monies funded in more prosperous times. In 1881, the stock became exhausted, and a guarantee fund was formed among the subscribers and supporters of the Society. This answered very well the purpose for which it was intended; as the season did not result in a profit, a trifling *pro rata* call was made on the guarantors, and the Directors of the year were relieved from an anxious responsibility. Neither the profession nor the public seem thoroughly to recognize the devotion to their onerous duties, and the zeal for the interests of the Society that its Directors have ever displayed. They freely give up much valuable time in occupying themselves with its affairs, and, moreover, assume a serious pecuniary responsibility as to its finances. Such devotion should do more than excite our gratitude, it ought to enlist our help. In two ways can this help be accorded. First, by attending and subscribing to the concerts of the Society, and secondly, by wellwishers to the Philharmonic inscribing their names among the guarantors for the coming season. The first list (just published) shows a promise of nearly £1,300. It may be, that not a penny of this will be called for. The last season was so successful that not only was none of the guarantee wanted, but a profit was made on the concerts, and some money again funded. The risk, therefore, seems a distant one. The Guarantee Form runs as follows:

"In the event of the seventy-second season of the Philharmonic Society being attended with pecuniary loss, I hereby guarantee to pay you the sum of £—, or any proportion of that amount which I may become liable to pay, *pro rata*, with other guarantors of the said season of 1884."

The reforms that from time to time have been introduced into the composition of the Society have invigorated its constitution; they give a healthy augury for the future, in spite of its having to com-

* Cipriani Potter? Ignace Moscheles? Charles Lucas? Richard Wagner (!)—&c., &c., D. B.

pete with powerful rivals, and contend with various concert speculators for public favour. English music is rapidly coming to the fore, and our composers are daily better able to hold their own against all comers. One is glad to perceive that of late the policy of the Directors has been to accord a hearing to native writers, while not neglecting foreign composers of distinction. Here is a feature, on the score of which our support can fairly be claimed. Every one, and every institution has at certain periods to strike a balance between successes and failures; no one is wise at all times—as the Latin grammar of bygone days used to teach us. And so, the Society at times has made mistakes, and laid itself open to criticism. Fair criticism is never to be feared, but that differs very much from the prescient self-satisfaction of those, who, on imperfect knowledge, condemn in advance every arrangement that does not conform to their nostrums, or run just on the lines they think should be followed. Such dogmatists ostentatiously invite the world to display a perfect confidence in their ability to advise, quite touching as to its sympathy, and amusing for the assurance exhibited. Others discourse over the past, and perform the interesting feat of being wise after the event. Just now, in certain quarters, there obtains a worship of conductors, together with an extravagance of language respecting their supposed qualifications, betraying considerable want of sound judgment. In the old times, it is quite true there were few good conductors. But with modern training, widened experience, and general culture, the matter has been entirely altered, and now we can boast of having a dozen and more capable conductors. Give a good painstaking conductor a reliable and experienced band, and in all probability you will get a satisfactory rendering of any work.

The section of the British public frequenting high class concerts is daily becoming more educated. Musical people are now better able to judge the value of the utterances of some of the specialists, who set up their wisdom to confound the opinions of others, presumably less perfectly instructed. These remarks are suggested by the attacks that have already appeared on the novel arrangement that has been made as to each concert of the coming season being directed by a different conductor. But Messrs Barnett, Cowen, Mount, and Villiers Stanford, together with Sir Arthur Sullivan, who will conduct his *In Memoriam* overture, are no novices. With the excellent band placed at their disposal, it will be strange indeed if they do not give us good performances. Edward Grieg, Ferdinand von Hiller, and Anton Dvorak, who are also to conduct and will produce new works, are musicians of continental reputation.

There remains but another word. That is, the urging of such friends of the Philharmonic Society as may read these lines not to dismiss the matter now brought before them, relegating the duty of support to others. * * * The individual guarantees already announced afford satisfactory proof of the estimation and confidence with which the arrangements of the Directors for the coming season are regarded.

T. L. SOUTHGATE.

—Musical Standard.

[We wish we had Mr Southgate's millennium spectacles, and could see with them after his manner.—D. B.]

BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

At the express desire of the Crown Prince, Pauline Lucca concluded her starring engagement—one of the most successful on record—at the Royal Operahouse by appearing as Carmen in Bizet's famous opera. She was much applauded throughout the performance, and called on again and again at its conclusion.—The following statistical return is taken from the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*. From the 14th August, when the Royal Operahouse re-opened, down to the 31st of December last, there were 115 performances of 45 operas, written by 25 composers. Of these operas, *Carmen* was given 8 times; *Der Fliegende Holländer*, 6; *Lohengrin*, *Le Maçon*, *Aida*, and *Fidelio*, were performed 5 times each; *Der Freischütz*, *Faust*, *Don Juan*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *L'Africaine*, and *Undine*, 4 each; *Der Wildschütz*, *Le Prophète*, and *Tannhäuser*, 3 each; *Czar und Zimmermann*, *Martha*, *La Reine de Saba*, *Les Huguenots*, *Il Trovatore*, *Der Rattenfänger von Hameln*, *Euryanthe*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Oberon*, *Roméo et Juliette* (Gounod), *Das Nachtlager in Granada*, *La Juive*, *Der betrogene Cadi*, *Die Meistersinger*, and *Jespe en Egypte*, twice each; *Der Schauspieldirector*, *Mignon*, *Jessonda*, *Der Feensee*, *Templer und Jüdin*, *Robert le Diable*, *Raimondin*, *Das goldene Kreuz*, *La Muette de Portici*, *La Traviata*, *Armida*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Le Brasseur de Preston*, and *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*, once each.—The programme at the first

of the Quartet Evenings (second series) of Herren Joachim, de Abna, Wirth, and Hausmann comprised Quartet, B flat major, Op. 18, Beethoven; Quartet, G major, von Herzogenberg; Quintet, C major, Op. 163, Schubert, the second violoncello being taken by Herr Dechert. The Quartet by von Herzogenberg, which was new, met with a favourable reception.

MUSIC IN ROME, 1883-4.

Although at this season of the year a large portion of every day is spent by Romans and strangers in visiting the Precepe and Festas in the churches, discharging duties of etiquette and friendship, or in sauntering from studio to studio, there is still sufficient left for the hearing of music, which, though not so fully represented here as in London, is still most assiduously cultivated.

The bizarre entertainments, dignified by the title of concerts, which are too frequently heard in London, find no place here—indeed were they given, no audience would be found to listen to them.

In the churches there are beautiful voices to be heard, but they are under engagement to sing nowhere else, and in consequence it is too often the case that beauty of voice, intensity of expression, and artistic training, are wasted upon music of very mediocre quality.

In the theatre, Halévy's *Reine de Cypre* has met with success, although the first representation was not entirely satisfactory.

In the Concert Room (except at the concerts of the Societa Philharmonica, a choral and orchestral society) no vocal music is performed. The leading societies are the Societa Orchestrale di Roma, under the direction of Cav. Ettore Pinelli, also a violinist of repute; the Societa del Quintette, with Signor Sgambati at its head; the Societa del Quartette, under the management of Signor Leppi; both these gentlemen are pianists of a school whose traditions they firmly uphold, notwithstanding the "finger prancings" of the higher development. Signor Pinelli's first concert took place last Saturday, Dec. 29th, in the Sala Dante, a not over convenient concert room for an orchestra, the only one to be had. The music was excellent and well performed. There is a certain something in the Italian nature in connection with music which it is difficult to express, except by their own word, *Sympatica*. To an English ear, probably the *tempi* of Beethoven's grand work were a little fast, particularly the *scherzo allegretto*. The Cherubini Overture, and the other two pieces, but particularly the overture, were exceedingly well given. The programme comprised four pieces only.

Overture, "Gli Abenceraggi" (Cherubini); Poema Sinfonica, "Il Filato gio" (Saint-Saens); Andante, Sinfonia Tragica (Schubert); Sinfonica in Fa (No. 8) (Beethoven). The "Poema" of Saint-Saens is a charmingly fresh and melodious work.

The first concert of Signor Sgambati's Societa del Quintette, is to take place to-morrow, Jan. 2nd, 1884. Of it nothing can, of course, yet be said, except that in spite of the 60,000 pilgrims expected here on the 9th, musical Rome looks forward to the event with pleasure.

Jan. 1.

"MUSIC OF THE FUTURE" WITH A VENGEANCE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—I send you the enclosed from a contemporary (*The People*), and trust it is not the result we shall always have from over-enthusiasm in the art:

"A curious scene was witnessed in Chancery Lane, Dublin, on Monday (New Year's Eve), at midnight. When the bells were ringing in the New Year, all the organ-grinders in the city assembled, and welcomed the New Year by a combined performance. Other performers joined in, a score of concertinas, an equal number of fiddles, and a variety of other instruments being used. A most hideous concert was kept up for over an hour."

Criticism is needless.—Yours faithfully,

W. A. JEWSON.

34, Clarendon Gardens, Jan. 8, 1884.

VIENNA.—It is said that the novelties at the Imperial Operahouse this year will be *Nero*, by A. Rubinstein; *Benvenuto Cellini*, by Hector Berlioz; and *Richard III.*, by Salvayre. Gluck's *Alceste* will be revived.

NEW MUSIC.

(Continued from page 3.)

Messrs Metzler & Co. are the publishers of two very pretty Albums of Dance Music, elegantly bound in red and gold, and generally turned out of hand with great taste. Each contains about eighteen compositions—waltzes, polkas, quadrilles, &c., the work of the best composers for the ball-room. In Vol. I., for example, are pieces by Waldteufel, Godfrey, Strauss, D'Albert, Clarke, C. Coote, jun., and Fahrbach. Even more rich, perhaps, is Vol. II., and on the strength of such names alone we should be justified in recommending the Metzler Albums wherever good Christmas dance music is desired. The "Parthenia" waltz, by Andrew Levey, dedicated to Miss Mary Anderson, and embellished with a good portrait of that lady in the title-character, will, of course, be heard everywhere during the coming season, and, we must add, richly deserves the honour. Waldteufel's "Souvenir d'Espagne," another work of the same class, is made piquant by the Spanish character which the composer has secured along with the "motifs favoris de Salvayre." This also should receive attention from lovers of dance music. Three songs by Arthur Hervey are favourable examples of the better sort of work which English composers are now doing in this department. They are respectively entitled "To Thee," "A Message to my Love," and "Only a Dream," and all express the "grand passion" with considerable intensity. Mr Hervey has a distinct musical purpose, which is attained in the production of a distinct character. We should not, it is true, care to defend every bar of his music, but the average merit is high enough to secure leniency for whatever we may regard as a solecism. "Somewhere or other," a duet by Theodore Marzials, has its second voice in canon on the octave. Perhaps we may say that Mr Marzials had better not attempt scholastic forms. The result here is quite artificial and lifeless. "May joy come to greet thee," words by Marion Chappell, music by G. A. Osborne, is a graceful and ingenious effusion, as nearly original in some of its features as we can now expect song music to be. The amateur will find it repay his attention, the more because there are no difficulties in his way. Mr A. Levey's "There let us dream" is chiefly noticeable for introducing the leading theme of its composer's "Parthenia" waltz—a point which many will regard as a clear recommendation. A sacred song, "Under the dome," by the Rev. A. J. Jones, belongs to the numerous progeny of the "Lost Chord." It is simple but effective, and when given with the organ *obligato* cannot fail to make an impression. Mr Henry Guy's trio, "Reflection," for soprano, contralto, and tenor, follows the old form exemplified, for instance, in Costa's familiar quartet, each voice taking up the melody in succession. Mr Guy is an excellent musician, and here turns his knowledge and skill to account, the trio being a very good concert piece.

Messrs Francis Brothers & Day's recent catalogue contains some new numbers of the *Mohawk Minstrels' Magazine*, edited by Harry Hunter and Warwick Williams. The songs and ballads they present make no claim to the rank of high-class music, but we can testify that the melodies are often excellent and marked by great aptitude of expression, while the general character of the music is never vulgar. The subjects are varied, as usual, ranging from the broadly comic to the deeply sentimental, many of the humorous kind being gathered into a special number, called "Harry Hunter's Seventh Vocal Album." We commend the album to facetious amateurs who would raise a hearty Christmas laugh. A "Cornet Tutor," by Celian Kottaun, seems to be well adapted to its purpose. The instructions are clear, the exercises copious, well graduated, and interesting. A second book of "Popular Dances for the Violin" only needs mention. It contains a choice and liberal selection from ball-room favourites. Among the songs of this firm are—"Though years may pass" and "Side by Side" (J. Greebe), and "The Old Boat," by Warwick Williams; but these, though not wanting merit, do not compare with the works issued for the piano-forte. A Slavonic dance, "La Fiancée"; a "Danse Lilliputienne"; and a *bourrée*, "Le Souvenir," are all from the pen of Celian Kottaun, to whose fancy and taste they are a credit, though plain and unpretending. No insuperable difficulties here dishearten the modest player, who can regale himself without much effort on what is at least harmless fare. Corresponding pieces are—a march, "Egypt," and a "Danse des Aborigines," by C. Le Thiere; a gavotte, "Juliette," and a polka, "Bon Jour," by Kottaun. A drawing-room piece, "Grandiflora," by E. A. Stunt, presents greater difficulty, and is, withal, a bright and pleasant work, while no less merit, in its way, belongs to Warwick Williams's march, "Alicia." These are all, with the exception just pointed out, intended for amateurs of moderate skill. Turning to dance music, we find among Messrs Francis Brothers & Day's publications, Robert Coote's "Rococo" polka, C. Asch's "Fisheries" polka, J. T. Gardner's "Clair de Lune" waltz, the "Love Letter" schottische, by W.

Williams, and the "Auf Wiedersehen" waltz, by Caroline Lowthian—all eligible candidates for admission to the temple of Terpsichore, as is, in a special sense, the "Fun and Frolic" lancers written by W. Williams.

Messrs Cramer & Co.'s songs include one from the pen of Sir Julius Benedict—the "Comrades"—already made to a large extent popular by Signor Foli. This martial ditty is appropriately straightforward and stirring. It goes on with the dash of a true soldier, not forgetting, however, to be musicianly. "Comrades" has every right, therefore, to an honourable place. Charles Marshall's curiously named "Wraith of a Song" deserves notice as a composition with some freshness in it. The idea of the verses is happy, and the music sets it forth with much attractiveness. "The Golden Path," by Henry Parker, is in some sort a dramatic narrative, set to music of considerable pretence, the pianoforte and harmonium being used in accompaniment. To the song itself there can be no objection, for it has decided power, and the only obvious criticism is that composers are overworking the ultra-sentimental vein, with its angels and celestial splendours, and its frequent representation of earthly things in a light which, like the payment of Falstaff's debt to Shallow, could "hardly be." Pinsuti's "The touch of a vanished hand" belongs to the class just named, and speaks of angels' wings passing over golden wires, &c. Here, however, the music is excellent, and the song as a whole so superior, that a matter-of-fact auditor would gladly join in the applause bestowed upon it by the emotional. This work should be "taken up" by some artist. A companion piece, we presume, is the same composer's "A Voice that is Still." "Never Grow Old," by T. W. Barth, has the advantage of touching words on a "purely human" subject expressed with all Charles Mackay's force. It is a good song for the home circle. Two songs from the pen of W. H. Jude differ widely in character. One, a setting of Tennyson's "Shame upon you, Robin," is a dainty little effusion, as quaint and fresh as the Laureate's verse. The other, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," presents a sacred theme with appropriate seriousness and force. There are some striking passages in this work, showing capacity of an order that should warrant progress in the future. Messrs Cramer & Co.'s dance music comprises Meissler's waltz, "My little sweetheart," founded on O. Barri's popular song; Valmeney's "Son Altesse" waltz—a superior composition; the same author's "Elissa" waltz; and Herzen's "Blue and White" polka. We name these because they are all noteworthy in their particular way.—D. T.

MUSICAL SKETCHES.

By H. E. D.

No. 13.—SHAKSPEARE AS A MUSICIAN.

"If that his head have ear in music."

Cymbeline (Act. iii. sc. 4.)

Was Shakspeare in any way a musician? Had he any practical familiarity with the art worth speaking of? Prodigious as his knowledge was, it does not follow that he possessed any considerable practical or technical acquaintance with all the subjects upon which he touched; neither would any such discrepancy necessarily detract from the universality of his genius.

Of music as an abstract art perhaps no poet ever made more frequent mention than Shakspeare (I have counted no less than two hundred references to it in the plays and poems, though probably these are not nearly all) and certainly no poet has ever sung of it more sweetly or dramatist spoken more happily. But this shows the power of the poet and not the skill of the musician. It is impossible to conceive a poet not inspired with a deep general love and reverence for music, music and poetry being each born of that imagination which bodies forth the form of things unseen, whilst

"One god is god of both, as poets feign."

And is it not Shakspeare himself who has said that the man whose soul is not enkindled by the ardent touch of the "heaven descended maid"—

"Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,

* * * * *

Let no such man be trusted."

But what it would be interesting to know in connection with the life and mind of the greatest poet and dramatist that the world ever produced, is whether, as I have said, he possessed any considerable practical knowledge of music; whether, in fact, we can claim him as that which Benedict, in his soliloquy, requires that his future mistress should be—"an excellent musician." Such an enquiry ought not to fail to be at once interesting and instructive.

One period alone in the life of Shakspeare has been the cause of a great amount of discussion and conjecture, and has led to the

exercise of no little ingenuity. I refer to the period between the time of his leaving school and of his taking his departure from Stratford. Some suppose that he assisted his father in his trade of glove making; others that he was "bound apprentice to a butcher." There are those who are inclined to the belief that he established himself as a country schoolmaster, whilst, from an anonymous allusion by the dramatist Nash, a good many persons have maintained that he was passing the interval in an attorney's office. Now I do not purpose to start an hypothesis that the years of the poet's life to which I refer were spent in the calling of a musician (though it might be possible to support it quite as logically as has been the case with some of the afore-mentioned theories!), for I do not think it tends to elucidate history or biography to indulge in mere conjecture. We will, therefore, simply confine our enquiries to Shakspeare's musical abilities as an amateur.

There are two distinct methods by which we can get to know something of the life and personal characteristics of a literary man. In the first place, we may learn something by the simple means of recorded historical and biographical facts, in which category we, of course, place the incidental and irresponsible allusions, more or less pointed, often to be found in the writings of his contemporaries; and this we may call *external evidence*. The second method is an analysis of the direct or inferential information respecting the author, to be found in his own works, i.e., the *internal evidence*. Let us, then, take the former of these, and see whether there is any *external evidence* to help us in our present enquiry. It is as extraordinary—when we consider how sublime was the genius of Shakspeare—as it is lamentable, that such very scanty details of his life have come down to us. The bulk of the facts which we possess have been gleaned and garnered within the last and the present century, Nicholas Rowe, in 1709, being his first biographer. Some have ascribed the neglect to the circumstance that the present widespread worship of Shakspeare is a growth of comparatively recent times. But surely this is not a correct explanation, or even an accurate statement of facts, for he was reckoned at least their equal by nearly all of his best contemporaries, of most of whom we have fairly ample biographies; whilst Ben Jonson, in that notable passage, "I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any," has clearly shown that there were not wanting those who, in Shakspeare's own lifetime, were able to apprehend and appreciate his marvellous powers and worth.

His popularity as a playwright whilst living is unquestionable; and, after his death, as Professor Dowden points out, "the publication of two folio editions of Shakspeare's plays within nine years of each other" (i.e., in 1623 and 1632) "proves the interest still taken in his writings." But whatever may have been the cause of the neglect, the fact unfortunately remains that the details which we possess of Shakspeare's life are extraordinarily few and unusually doubtful. Probably, however, we know almost all that will ever be known of the great seer of human nature. Knowledge and research are in our day so general, and students of literature and antiquarianism so innumerable, that there is little chance of any important external evidence having been overlooked.

Shakspeare, doubtless, had ample opportunities, in early life—considering the position which his father at one time held at Stratford—of hearing some of the best music that local talent could produce. The spinet, harpsichord, and virginals were certainly not to be found in the house of almost every educated family, as is the case with the modern descendant of those instruments; but the young "Swan of Avon," with his deeply impressive and imaginative nature (the "gentle Shakspeare," as Ben Jonson also called him), must have often listened with rapt attention to musical performances of various kinds, if he did not engage in them himself. Companies of players frequently visited the town, and, doubtless, musicians came also. At the Stratford Free Grammar School he received the best education that the town could provide, though, possibly, music formed no part of the course of studies. When his father got into difficulties, Shakspeare, it is supposed, was withdrawn from school. What his actual employment was then we do not know. I have already referred to some of the opinions held on the point. Possibly they are all incorrect; but, whether they are so or not, one thing is at least probable, that Shakspeare either wholly or partially devoted his time to study.

The extent of Shakspeare's classical learning has been described by Ben Jonson as "small Latin and less Greek," and it seems evident that after leaving school he learnt something of French and Italian, and he certainly acquired an extensive knowledge of English and foreign literature. If these latter accomplishments were obtained at the period in question, it would seem more than likely that his studies were rather of a subjective than objective character; and if so, nothing could be more favourable to the development of his genius as a writer of imaginative literature than such subjective and discursive reading. But did he include music in his studies?

In 1582, when nineteen years of age, Shakspeare married. His wife was the daughter of a substantial yeoman; but whether she was possessed of much education and culture we do not know. Then follows the alleged deer-stealing episode, narrated by Rowe, which has been shown to be quite untrue in some details, whilst there are not a few persons who decline to believe the story altogether. And then he comes to London. Such a light as Shakspeare's genius could not be hid under a bushel, and we find him rapidly making his way into favour and becoming the most popular dramatist of his time. Here we find him associating with men like Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Lyly, Peele, Nash, Lodge, Drayton, Fletcher, and others. What knowledge he gained during his orbits in such a galaxy of genius we can only estimate from his works.

Mr Stopford Brooke, in his excellent little book on "English Literature," says: "By dint of genius, and by living in a society in which every kind of information was attainable, he became an accomplished man." And, again, "He had grown wealthy during this period, famous, and loved by society. He was the friend of the Earls of Southampton and Essex and of William Herbert, Lord Pembroke. The Queen patronized him; all the best literary society was his own." Surely, then, here must have been numerous opportunities of acquiring that closer familiarity with the art of music which would better account for those frequent panegyrics on it which he apparently so loved to utter.

At the theatre, too, there was music in conjunction with the dramatic performances. Singing was introduced between the acts, and at the end of the play the clown delivered what was called a jig, which consisted of a song accompanied by dancing and the music of the pipe and tabor. It will be seen on reference to the end of *Twelfth Night*, that Shakspeare wrote songs for such a purpose, and as the clowns had grown to take great license in their part, introducing extempore buffoonery and what we should call "topical hits," pretty much as they liked, Hamlet, in his instructions to the players, says:—"And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them." From which we may conclude that Shakspeare, as joint lessee of the "Globe" Theatre, had reformed many abuses which had crept into the dramatic system. Doubtless he improved the musical portion of his performances as well, and, if one may judge at all from the number of songs introduced into his plays, most of which were not merely recited but sung, he was probably not without considerable taste for singing. On the convivial music, which he must often have heard at the "Mermaid" Tavern in Bread Street, I need not dwell, as it would be of a character more noisy than cultivated, more discordant than didactic.

As to the allusions to Shakspeare in the works of his contemporaries, they might be counted on the fingers of one hand, and in no case do they throw any light on the subject of our enquiry. We thus see that though there is no external evidence of any value to assist us, there is also nothing yet to show that Shakspeare was not well acquainted with music, such as it was in his time; but, on the contrary, reasonable grounds for believing that, as he appears never to have lost opportunities of adding to his stock of knowledge from any source or on any subject, he did not fail to avail himself of the numerous opportunities of learning something of music, which evidently must have presented themselves at different periods in his career. But, as I have said, we must not indulge in conjecture. We will, therefore, proceed to examine the poet's works, and there at least, I think, we shall find matter for consideration, if we are unable to arrive at any very satisfactory conclusion.

(To be continued.)

MILAN.—The season at the Scala under the Ferraris management was inaugurated by Ponchielli's *Gioconda*, with Signorina Pantaleoni, who produced a most favourable impression, as the heroine. The opera went off extremely well and appeared to please as much as ever. This cannot be said of Taglioni's once popular ballet of *Flick e Flock* which followed, and was the reverse of successful. The house was lighted on the occasion by electricity for the first time, the result being pronounced most satisfactory. Verdi's *Don Carlo* was to be the second opera.

COPENHAGEN.—The St. Cecilia Society gave on the 18th ult. an exceedingly interesting historical concert, at which only old music was performed, as the annexed list of composers will show: John Fornsete, 1226; Joannes Okeghem, 1420—1512; Josquin de Prez, 1440—1521; Orlando di Lasso, 1520—94; Orazio Vecchi, 1551—1605; Giovanni Gastoldi, about 1590; Pierluigi da Palestrina, 1514—94; Giovanni Gabrieli, 1557—1613; Giulio Caccini, about 1550—1615; Jacopo Peri, about 1600; and Giacomo Carissimi, 1604—74.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.

The fifteenth winter exhibition of works by "old masters, and deceased masters of the British School" was opened to the public on Monday last, January 7th. It is not likely that the visitor, on passing into the first gallery, will be able to arrest his footsteps until he reaches the other end of the room, for two portraits hanging there have attractions so strong as to induce one to pass by, on the right hand, the big cheerful canvas by Callcott, "Pool of the Thames" (No. 49), and, on the left, the ambitious representation of "The Fall of Phaeton" (No. 17), by James Ward. The first of these portraits, "George Canning" (No. 36), is by Gainsborough; the second, "Charles James Fox" (No. 40), by Reynolds, and finer examples of their respective authors could scarcely be found. Although each differs from the other in handicraft and feeling, there is at the same time an approximation in method and design, natural to works of the same kind and era, and there is as well an equality of merit. The former artist had the more intellectual countenance to pourtray, and he took heed that no incorrectness of drawing, or grossness of colour should mar the refined and expressive features; whilst the latter, the great Sir Joshua, had the face of a youth to mould, which already had indications of obesity. But loose handling of the brush enabled this master to invest expanding fulness with some degree of charm; nor did he fail to give an eye, laden with latent power, a sign of that force which after years brought into play. But this room, devoted to English masters, has other fine examples of portraiture by the artists named, and also by Hoppner, Dobson, and Romney. It is a class of art that secures general interest and appreciation, for no individual, be he ever so dull, is unable to bring some kind of test to delineations of the human face and form. There are likewise several remarkably good landscapes. No. 13, by John Crome, illustrates traits peculiar to the founder of the Norwich School. The sunset fills the sky with golden beams; but, bright as they are, what are they to the marvellous after-glows that lately have crowded the heavens with beauties? Crome, perhaps, never saw such wonders in colour as the early winter has brought us. Not even the vivid imagination of Turner ever caught a glimpse of a sky wherein were hung samples, as it were, of all the rainbows of the universe. A work of a different kind is Bonington's "French Coast Scene" (No. 23). Here is no mystery of light and shadow. The figures in the foreground are untroubled by a sea, that smiles as if it knew not how to frown. There is, however, poetry in the deep shadows of the "River Scene" (No. 32), by Richard Wilson; and English characteristics are apparent in Morland's "Interior of a Farmyard" (No. 48); whilst Turner throws out evidences of his great genius in "Sea Shore" (No. 34). Hogarth's "Music Piece" (No. 22) will attract the attention of musical amateurs, if for nothing more than the unusual combination of instruments. Hogarth is seen leading a quartette composed of two fiddles, a cello, and a bassoon—the latter looking to us entirely out of place. But Mr Ebenezer Prout is at present engaged in throwing some light upon the Handelian orchestra, which, according to him, abounded in oboes and bassoons to an extent that can scarcely be credited. Hogarth's picture illustrates his statements concerning the popularity of the "reeds." "Friar Tuck" (No. 44) will clear away doubts which some up to now have entertained as to the talent of its author, Fuseli. He is known as a shrewd writer upon the art, but there are few pictures of his that prove more convincingly than this one does the right he had to the high consideration of his contemporaries. Sir Edwin Landseer is represented in the exhibition by only one small canvass, "The Highland Cradle" (No. 12); but that is sufficient to show what unforced pathos there is to be found in his art.

Gallery No. 11 is occupied principally by the worthy Dutchmen, of whom Teniers might in some respects be considered the chief. He has delineated himself in "Studio of the Painter" (No. 88), at work, and surrounded by the products of his brain and hands, which by their number show that he was as industrious as clever. What workers these men were! And what patient labour they bestowed on little things in their diminutive canvases! Look at the texture of the white and blue silk in a young lady's dress in Gerard Terburg's "The Letter" (No. 122), and the folds and surfaces of a puce-coloured gown in Jan Steen's "Lady playing the Mandoline" (No. 166). Seldom have better specimens been seen of Van de Velde, Van der Heyde, Van Mieris, Wouverman, Backhuysen, Suyders, and Cuyt than those now on the walls of this gallery. In magnificence, however, they are surpassed by those in the large room, Gallery No. 111. Here the place of honour is surrendered to Rubens, whose immense canvas "The Glorification of a Prince of Orange" occupies a wide space. Without any exercise of the critical faculty this gorgeous display of colour satisfies the artistic appetite. Besides superb colour other qualities, such as comprehensiveness of design, variety of figures, wonderful handling, accuracy of drawing, harmony of line, and above all, a rare sense of action, distinguish

this effort of Rubens' genius. Whilst enjoying the sight of so much that is fine, it is perhaps ungrateful to stop the flow of admiration, by enquiring about the significance and meaning of the colossal subject. It will do no good to ask why the Prince should wear armour, and have his hat and boots on, in the presence of ladies of robust beauty, who have only a laurel wreath between them for clothing. Such flippant questions should not be encouraged in matters of high art. For art has no more to do with common sense than with common decency. Art is for art alone! Venice has in this room some of her own sons to unfold her rare possessions; and whether Canaletto or Guardi is the more truthful might be left an open question, as both are very able exponents. There are two religious subjects by Murillo, "St John and the Lamb" (No. 164), and "The penitent Magdalen" (No. 169), in each there is a loveliness that seems never to have forsaken the Spanish master, but depth of feeling there is little or none. There are several sumptuous pictures by the magisterial Tintoretto, wherein flowing beards, gold-embroidered mantles, and shining armour are wonderfully depicted; and the loyal Van Dyck has handed down to us, in Nos. 187 and 194, the lineaments of the much beloved, but more hated, Charles 1st and his handsome Queen. Claude in "Sea-port" (No. 172) lays claim to have been the forerunner of our Turner, for there, at the left, are indications of an evening sky, that the latter expanded into brilliancy. On the walls are two Spanish portraits; the one by an unknown artist being the more expressive. Perhaps the finest Ruysdael to be seen in England is "A Storm" (No. 191). If it had been painted as a protest against the "impressionists" of the modern French school, it could not have demonstrated more clearly the fact that the most powerful effect can be wrought by the most careful means. The sea, in wildest commotion, invites indistinctness of treatment; the effect is so near the dashing brush, that to trouble about fineness of drawing and elaborate detail seems like wasted labour; yet the Dutchman has been as particular about each wave as if it were the only one to be seen, and the general result, notwithstanding, is true to nature's most lawless mood. Musicians, especially singers—who by the bye are not always included in that classification—will stop with interest at the "Portrait of Mrs Sheridan as St Cecilia" (No. 209). Sir Joshua has surrounded the frail figure and pensive face with a poetic atmosphere. As she plays upon the harpsichord heavenly presences agitate the air, while two child-angels at her side are joining in the harmony. The lady, a member of the Bath Linley family, was likewise a friend of Gainsborough, who also resided in Bath, where he painted the pictures of the musical Linley family, now exhibited at the Dulwich Gallery.

The walls of gallery No. IV. are utilized by exhibiting interesting records of the *Quattrocentisti*, and *Cinquecentisti* schools. Apart from their technical value these early religious pictures have a special importance. By them we are brought into contact with the deep religious feelings and utterances of Christians of the past. In them we see embodiments of the beliefs and hopes of men and women, who once were occupied in this world with thoughts of a future state. Gazing on the paint and gold we become, in fancy at least, almost sensible of heart-thrillings which others felt long, long ago, when looking on figures that were to them symbols, nay, surerities of eternal joys. The fifth gallery is set apart for works of a late Royal Academician, Paul Falconer Poole—works that deserve a more lengthened notice than can at present be given.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

IRVING AT CHICAGO.

Mr Henry Irving appeared in Chicago on Monday night (Jan. 7) as Louis XI. Despite the intense cold, the audience, a large and brilliant one, gave the English actor a warm reception, and displayed much enthusiasm throughout the play. Repeated calls were made after each act. The Press criticisms are favourable, and may thus be summarized:—

The *Chicago Tribune* says:—"Mr Irving has opened a new era in a noble art." The *Chicago Herald* says:—"The audience again and again demanded his appearance, to testify the sincerity of their appreciation of his triumph." The *Intercean* says:—"That he achieved a new success last night was made apparent in the hearty applause with which he was honoured." The *Chicago Times* says:—"The impression, from once seeing him, is that one has seen a master in his art." The *Daily News* says:—"Descriptive criticism fails to do justice to the originality of the man. Comparative criticism is only useful to those who have seen his parallel."—*Times' Philadelphia Correspondent*.

ST JAMES'S HALL.
MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
TWENTY-SIXTH SEASON, 1883-84.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE SEVENTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 14, 1884,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Duets, (a) "Frühlingsruhe" and (b) "Frühlingslaube" (Alexis Hollaender)—Miss Louie Phillips and M^{me} Fassett; Danklied Nach Sturm, Op. 5, (Henselt), and Three Studies, Op. 25, Nos. 6, 8, 10, (Chopin) for pianoforte alone—Miss Maggie Okey.

PART II.—Andante, in E major, and Scherzo, in A minor (Posthumous) for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Duets, (a) "Die Bescheidene" and (b) "Der Ring" (Anton Dvorak)—Miss Louie Phillips and M^{me} Fassett; Rondo, in C major, Op. 73, for two pianofortes (Chopin)—Miss Maggie Okey and M. Vladimir de Pachmann.

Accompanist—Miss CARMICHAEL.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 12, 1884,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quintet, in B flat, Op. 87, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, and Piatti; Air, "If with all your hearts" (Mendelssohn)—Mr Joseph Maas; Sonata, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 1, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—M. Vladimir de Pachmann; Air, "Il mio tesoro" (Mozart)—Mr Joseph Maas; Trio, in D major, Op. 70, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Beethoven)—M. Vladimir de Pachmann, M^{me} Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZEBINI.

MARRIAGE.

On January the 7th, at Our Lady's Chapel, Grove Road, by the Very Rev. Father Vincent, Provincial of the Passionists, CHARLES SANTLEY, Esq., of 5, Upper Hamilton Terrace, to ELIZABETH MARY, eldest daughter of the late GEORGE ROSE-INNES, Esq., of Valparaiso, and 31, Porchester Terrace.

Sonnet.

*The time is gone when, at a word from you,
 My heart was glad or sad in some wild way,
 When all my life depended on a day,
 And all that day on what you chose to do.
 The place is far off that beheld us two
 Meet for the sweet first time. And who shall say,
 What cold wide ocean covered with cold spray
 Has breathed upon these words and made them true?*

*I loved you once. I loved the very pain
 Of loving you, and hoped it would not die.
 But even that last hope was chilled, and checked,
 And changed. And now I hear your voice again
 With no strong heart-beat, hardly with a sigh.
 The time is gone. I cannot recollect.*

ECTOR DE MARI.

A LETTER FROM MARIO.

Frankfurt-sur-le-Mein, 4, Juillet, 1870.

CHER MR GOLTERMANN,—Je ne veux quitter Frankfurt sans vous dire combien j'ai été enchanté de votre orchestre, et bien que le mérite individuel de chaque professeur soit d'un grand poids, pourtant c'est le chef directeur qui en est l'âme, et c'est à vous qu'en revient l'honneur.

Les Frankfortois doivent vous en être reconnaissants, car une bonne orchestre devient aujourd'hui aussi rare que les bons chanteurs. J'aurais désiré vous dire ma pensée dans votre riche langue, mais j'ai le malheur de ne pas la connaître assez.

Recevez donc les compliments du vieux.

J. MARIO.

à Mr le Kapellmeister Goltermann.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1884.

SCHOPENHAUERIANA.

ROBERT VON HORNSTEIN has published in the Vienna *Neue freie Presse* his reminiscences of the Frankfort philosopher, Arthur Schopenhauer, who, among other things, took a great interest in music, though, from what we are told, he was not much of a musician. His musical ideal was Rossini. "I admire and love Mozart," he used to say, "and go to all the concerts where Beethoven's Symphonies are played; but, when a man has heard much of Rossini's, everything else strikes him as heavy." Whenever he spoke of Rossini, he cast his eyes devoutly up to heaven. "Rossini," he observed, "was once here, and stayed some days at the Englischer Hof; he sat at table near me, but I would not make his acquaintance. I said to the landlord, 'That cannot possibly be Rossini; that is a fat Frenchman.' However, it very often happens that musicians do not look what they are. Spontini, though, was an exception. He, too, was once here, and we were together several days. On one occasion he remarked to me: 'Do you hear that military band playing in six-eight time? That ought not to be. Military music should be in four-four time. All other is unsuited to its dignity.'" Schopenhauer thought Spontini was perfectly right. He did not care much for Carl Maria von Weber. "*Der Freischütz*," he said, "is very pretty, but a very small opera." He had all Rossini's operas arranged for the flute, and went through them once a year, playing every day from twelve to one. He never allowed me to be present, though I frequently begged he would. Once I caught a few notes when I was in the street, but, as the window was closed, I could not make out much. The flautist Drouet is said to have been the only person to whom he ever played anything. He informed me also that, after the second movement of Beethoven's F major Symphony, he exclaimed: "After that we might fancy we had done with all earthly suffering!" "The movement was played *da capo*," he continued, "and my neighbour made the very same observation." He rarely went to the theatre, but never missed *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Speaking of Richard Wagner, he said: "He sent me his *Trilogy*. The fellow is a poet, but not a musician. There are some funny things in the work. Once the stage direction is, 'The curtain falls rapidly.' If it did not fall rapidly, we should see something strange." He was referring to the end of the first act of *Die Walküre*. He never mentioned the name Wagner without prefixing to it the Richard, which he pronounced in the English fashion. He was, by the way, very proud of his correct English, which he explained by stating that he "was engendered, if not born, in England."

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

We regret to learn that Sir Arthur Sullivan is far from well. On Friday night (Jan. 4) he attended a dress rehearsal of his new opera at the Savoy Theatre, and did not reach home until three o'clock in the morning. After the performance on Saturday night (which he conducted) he was seized with muscular pains at the back of his neck, accompanied by a stiff neck, and the services of a medical man were then called into requisition. During the early part of the week Sir Arthur continued to make steady progress towards recovery. On Wednesday he enjoyed uninterrupted sleep from 9 o'clock until half-past 4 in the afternoon, and awoke considerably refreshed, with a marked diminution of the muscular pains in the neck; but we regret to say Sir Arthur passed a sleepless night, and we learned, on inquiry, that he was not so well on Thursday morning. Although there have been a large number of callers, none of his friends have yet been permitted to see him.

MARRIAGE OF MR SANTLEY.—The marriage of Mr Santley, the eminent baritone, and Miss Rose-Innes, a wealthy South American heiress, was celebrated in the Roman Catholic Church at Grove Road, St. John's Wood, at 8.30 on Monday morning. The ceremony, which was strictly private, none but the bride and bridegroom's immediate friends being present, was performed by the Rev. Father Vincent, provincial of the Passionists, Highgate, assisted by the Rev. Mr Kavanagh and the local clergy.

THE PRINCESS IDA.

As concerning the expenditure of thought, Mr W. S. Gilbert is economical. Were he a house-mother in the same spirit, he would burn up all the candle-ends, well sift the sinders, save the kitchen fat, and exercise his utmost ingenuity upon the cold mutton. He is a believer in the sinfulness of waste, and carries out his principle because it is a principle, not through fear of the proverb which connects waste and want. During a long time past Mr Gilbert has been exemplifying the virtue in question, using up his *Bab Ballads* for example, these having served one turn without—in his opinion—detriment to their capacity for further usefulness. Here, however, he found out germs, of which his genius had to make complex organisms. In his latest work Mr Gilbert has gone a step farther, presenting to the world, after some lopping and dovetailing of new matter, one of his old plays. He has trimmed a dish removed from the table years ago, and re-served it with sauce à la Sullivan. Were this practical protest against waste not defensible on ethical grounds, it might take shelter behind many illustrious precedents of an artistic nature. Handel and Rossini were both economists in Mr Gilbert's sense. They frequently overhauled their old stock, and, if they found a piece not absolutely worn out, proceeded to make use of it a second time. Why not? Nobody had a better right, and none dared to say of either any more than of Mr Gilbert, that intellectual poverty drove him to it. It is often the wealthy who are thus frugal.

On Jan. 8, 1870, the Olympic Theatre, being then under the management of Mr W. H. Liston, that house witnessed the production of *The Princess, a Whimsical Allegory (being a Respectful Perversion of Mr Tennyson's Poem)*, by W. S. Gilbert. The piece had its day; was withdrawn at the end of it, and, amid the distraction of continuous novelties, soon forgotten, as far as anything can be forgotten which the presence of a living and eminent author keeps within reach of Memory's hand, if not exactly under her eye. Mr Gilbert did not forget it. Indeed, there is reason to believe that he turned it over many times, comparing it with the opportunities afforded by those actual personages of whom the Princess Ida, the Lady Blanche, and the Lady Psyche are amusing exaggerations. The champions of Feminine Emancipation were at work for his play, and, like Lady Blanche, he had to consider, looking at it and them:

"Whether the *Is*, from being actual fact,
Is more important than the vague *Might Be*,
Or the *Might Be* from taking wider scope,
Is, for that reason, greater than the *Is*."

Mr Gilbert believed in the potentiality of the subjunctive, kept his play in hand, and on Saturday last reproduced it as *The Princess Ida, or Castle Adamant, a Respectful Operatic Per-Version of Tennyson's "Princess."* Thus the original "Medley" of our ennobled laureate gave rise to a "Whimsical Allegory," and that, in turn, has become an "Operatic Per-Version." What a curious illustration is here for a work on the origin of artistic species! We have just said that *The Princess* of 1870 has been reproduced, and the word may stand, for, in effect, it is true. All the prominent characters of the first, save Gobbo—porter at Castle Adamant and the only man allowed on the premises—are found in the second; nearly, if not quite the whole of the dialogue of the second is found in the first, and Mr Gilbert has limited himself to the excisions demanded by a free introduction of music, to an advantageous rearrangement of certain scenes, and to the provision of lyrics. The Olympic play, it should be stated, did not want for music, but contained a number of pieces adapted by Mr Winterbottom from the popular comic operas of the time, such as *Ching Chow Hi* and *La Perichole*. All these have been swept away, and it is edifying to mark the contrast presented by their successors, not only as regards technical excellence, but in point of refinement, and of varied and subtle humour. The fact remains, however, that the *Princess Ida* of 1884 is *The Princess* of 1870; in more beautiful and becoming raiment truly, but still the same. There is here a distinct consideration. When *Iolanthe* was brought out, the public voice questioned whether Mr Gilbert had not almost exhausted the resources of the

"topsyturvydom," in which his peculiar genius delights. A certain familiarity of character, incident, and idea could not fail to arrest attention, and the point discussed involved the propriety of a new departure. By falling back upon his early work, Mr Gilbert has in a measure adopted that course. Limiting retrospect to the series of Gilbert-Sullivan operas, the persons and scenes in *Princess Ida* are nearly all fresh. There are here no such wild incongruities, such startling inversions, as make up the staple of the previous works; while the central idea, that of women proclaiming their independence of men, is now so familiar in various ways that we almost accept its stage presentation as a picture of real life. Mr Gilbert has, therefore, diverged from the *Pinafore*, *Pirates*, *Patience*, *Iolanthe* line, and gone obliquely into a comparatively untouched field, so large that it may be said the world is all before him where to choose. We have yet to see how the change will work with the public, who sometimes resent in practice the exercise by an author of the rights they are ready to allow in theory. Grievance may be felt at the absence from *Princess Ida* of the familiar and whimsical inversions and reversions, but with more truth and significance than Louis XVIII. said on regaining his kingdom, "Nothing has changed, there is only one Frenchman the more," it may be declared here, "Whatever has changed, there is only a bit of Gilbert the more." If the author has withdrawn one phase of himself, he has filled up the blank with another, while his peculiar forms of humour in verse and dialogue gain power by association with less wildly extravagant characters and situations. The text of the play is full of Mr Gilbert's characteristic touches, but, since the dialogue is old, we may regard only the lyrics. A familiar hand appears in the first of them, as Prince Hilarion sentimentally dwells upon the confusion of those who, looking at disparity of age, prophesied evil for him when betrothed in infancy to a lady as young again as himself, yet who now find that there is only a year of difference. We know, too, the writer of a refrain like this,

"Oh, dainty triolet;
Oh, fragrant violet;
Oh, gentle heigho-let
(Or little sigh);"

and who it is that makes the three fighting sons of Gama sing,

"Growing thin and wizen
In a solitary prison
Is a poor look out
For a soldier stout,
Who is longing for the rattle
Of a complicated battle."

But for Mr Gilbert, again, no Lady Blanche, lost in the abstract philosophy of mood and tense, would cry,

"Oh weak *Might Be*!
Oh May, *Might*, *Could*, *Would*, *Should*!
How powerless ye
For evil or for good!"

Nor would Psyche sing a song, "The Ape and the Lady," which runs over with bitterest sarcasm, nor would there be the delicate verses in which Melissa and Blanche sing one of the daintiest duets that music knows, nor would King Hildebrand exclaim

"And I'm a peppery kind of King,
Who's indisposed for parleying
To fit the wit of a bit of a chit,
And that's the long and the short of it!"

nor would knights engage in battle attended by a benediction like

"Oh, doughty sons of Hungary!
May all success
Attend and bless
Your warlike ironmongery!"

To be brief, Mr Gilbert appears at his best in these additions to his old play. For the first time *The Princess* has verses worthy of a dialogue that deserves the honourable resurrection it now enjoys. On this score, assuredly, the Respectful Operatic Per-Version will not fail, nor will any lament that Mr Gilbert does not again lead them "behind the looking-glass."

When Sir Arthur Sullivan co-operates with Mr Gilbert his success is taken upon trust. The two men fit like hand and glove, for this

is one of the rare cases in which librettist and composer are the complement of each other. Both are humourists; the only difference being that the one laughs through words and the other through music. It would be idle to draw comparisons between them, for indeed Mr Gilbert labours under a disadvantage from the start. The more subtle, flexible, comprehensive, and moving art is that of the musician, who can turn dross to gold and cover ugliness with such a mantle of beauty as that it shall be desired. But there is no need for reflections like these. We are in presence of a conjunction so perfect that one might fancy nature making a special effort to produce the two men in the same age and country. The music of *Princess Ida* will take rank among the best Sir Arthur Sullivan has written. It reveals no new characteristics for which need has not been felt and demand not made. But it has the old features intensified as to all that constitutes excellence. These are, of course, general remarks, but we should not shrink from their application in detail, the simple truth being that, even where his music, to be appropriate, cannot be thematically distinguished, the composer's art enables him to elevate it in other ways. His special gift is brilliantly exemplified in *Princess Ida*. We refer to a happy adaptation of music to sense, or, as a Wagnerian writer using capital letters would put it, of the Tone to the Word. This is so constant that we are never aware of a dual expression. In short, the Word and the Tone are one. A remarkable instance occurs in King Gama's first song, which has at the end of each verse the half-interrogative, half-reflective observation, "And I can't think why!" On these words the character of the music suddenly changes, and, by a simple yet most artful device, seems itself to say exactly what the words express. All this has, of course, been recognized on former occasions, and, with it, the composer's masterly use of the orchestra in accompanying the simple forms appropriate to opera of the class here understood. In works like *Princess Ida* a musician is necessarily debarred from many of the higher exercises of art. He can rarely be polyphonic, and symphonic—in anything like a complete sense—never. One of his great difficulties, therefore, is to make his orchestration artistic and interesting. But this seems to be hardly felt a difficulty by Sir Arthur Sullivan, who has always some elegant device wherewith to lift the orchestra from the level of a guitar to the attitude of that which suggests as well as accompanies. *Princess Ida* is rich in illustrations of the fact. It presents a store of happy thoughts which show the inventive mind as well as the cunning hand. Opinions will differ, perhaps, about the comparative value of the humorous and sentimental music in the work, but those who contend for the first will admit the remarkable merit of certain numbers that embody the quaint and formal grace of a bygone age. The composer knows his strength on this ground, and never fails to find occasion for putting it forth. Here it is chiefly exemplified by the duet for Melissa and Lady Blanche before referred to. One goes back almost to the Elizabethan era, or, at any rate, to that of the Charles's, for the model upon which this most beautiful number is formed, and, listening to it, we are forced to speculate upon the chances which a more assiduous cultivation of the older musical graces would have in English opera. *Princess Ida* is rich in melody, not all of it absolutely new, but all more or less attractive in style and character. One broad, long, and intense subject, afterwards sung by the Princess, forms the short introduction, and strikes the key-note, so to speak, of thematic elevation, and among the more successful of the vocal pieces are a mock heroic song with chorus for the sons of Gama, "We are warriors three"; a charming duet for Gama and Hildebrand, "Perhaps if you address the lady"; a trio for Hilarion and his two friends, "Expressive glances"; the *finale* of the first act (there are two acts and a prologue), and the Princess's song (suggestive here and there of Schubert) "I built upon a rock." That the musical interest diminishes in the second act must be admitted, but this seems to result from a flagging of dramatic vigour. Like some other of Mr Gilbert's works, the idea upon which *Princess Ida* is based becomes "played out" before the drama, and there is no longer the vitality, with its consequent impulse that induces the

highest musical effort. This consideration, however, does not affect the general character of the composition, which is unequivocally a success.

Princess Ida is so sumptuously put upon the stage that expense does not appear to have been considered. The scenery, dresses, and appointments generally suggest a *carte blanche* to those concerned in providing them, rather than a usual regard for, a balance at the treasury. But this is no mere display of extravagance, for good taste rules all. Messrs Emden and Hawes Craven have provided scenery which exemplifies the high art of their craft, while the town will not soon be weary of admiring the varied and splendid dresses shown on the stage. Quite a sensation was caused on Saturday night when the "sweet girl graduates" at Castle Adamant turned their backs to the audience and revealed the full glories of their academic gowns. It is not too much to say that fragments of the Tenth Commandment might then have been picked up all over the theatre. As usual, the first representation was singularly complete in point of detail. The humblest character on the stage was "in" the work, had something to do, and did it well; thus showing not only training, but good training. From this arose the completeness of the stage pictures, which were not only a feast of colour, but of form and arrangement. Level merit rather than striking points of excellence appeared in the principal characters. Miss Leonora Braham could give the Princess no striking dramatic significance; but she looked well, sang engagingly, and spoke many of her lines with true significance as well as charming inflection. Miss Bond was a graceful and attractive Melissa; the Psyche of Miss Chard and the Lady Blanche of Miss Brandram, widely differing in aught else, joined to augment the salient merits of the performance, Miss Brandram especially making a hit by a bearing and utterance befitting a Professor of Abstract Science. Hilarion, Cyril, and Florian were respectively played by Mr Bracy, Mr Lely, and Mr Ryley, all with entire good taste and unflagging animation, while Messrs R. Temple, Lugg, and Grey, as the grim warrior sons of Gama, supplied an excellent foil. The two kings were Mr Rutland Barrington (Hildebrand) equal in perfect self-possession to all emergencies as usual, and Mr Grossmith (Gama) who so played an ungrateful part as to show power unsuspected perhaps by many present. A Richard the Third in body and a misanthrope at heart, Gama was elaborated by Mr Grossmith to the point where a complete picture is the result. There remains only to record that the musical performance was directed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and that a brilliant audience impressed the stamp of their high approval upon *Princess Ida*.—D. T.

CONCERTS.

BURDETT HALL.—Lord Folkestone's Society gave a concert on Saturday, Jan. 5th, to an audience of over 700. Miss Lane's rendering of "A Winter's Story" was excellent; Miss Roby sang "Just as well" in a most pleasing manner; Mr Knight, who was suffering from a cold, did his best with "An Evening Song"; and Mr Ch. J. Bishenden, who sang four songs in his well-known style, was heartily applauded. Mr C. W. Forester, M.P., gave two recitations, and Mr Turle Lee was the accompanist.

MR AGUILAR's performance of pianoforte music and remarks on music culture, on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 3rd, at his residence, 17, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park, attracted a large number of amateurs, who were evidently much interested with all they heard. We subjoin the programme:

Prelude and Fugue, in D (Mendelssohn); Six Studies (Sir Sterndale Bennett); Nocturne (Chopin), and Aufschwung (Schumann); Three Impromptus (Sir Sterndale Bennett); Consolation, No. 3 (Liszt), and Erlkönig, Transcription (Schubert-Liszt); Marche de nuit (Gottschalk), and Non è ver, Transcription (Matti); Etude in A, and Etude in A minor (Thalberg).

The Studies by Sterndale Bennett, especially the fifth and sixth of the set, as well as the three Impromptus by the same distinguished composer, enabled Mr Aguilar to exhibit not only his mastery over the technical difficulties of the pianoforte, of which these compositions are brilliant examples, but also his knowledge of the composer's meaning. Mr Aguilar availed himself of his opportunity like a thorough artist, receiving at the conclusion of each performance genuine and hearty applause. The pieces by Chopin, Schumann, Gottschalk, and Matti were entrusted to a very young lady, a

pupil of Mr Aguilar's. Her very clever performance of each work reflected the highest credit on herself, as well as on her excellent instructor. Mr Aguilar, between the parts, made some very sensible and interesting remarks on music culture and early training, which elicited frequent and deserved approbation from an intelligent and discriminating audience.

AN interesting concert was given, for charitable purposes, at the Athenæum, Camden Road, on Wednesday, Jan. 2. The programme opened with a "Duo Concertante," played by Herr Hause (piano-forte), and Herr Schubert (violin-cello). The other instrumental pieces included solos for the piano-forte (Miss K. Sherriff and Herr Hause), and violin-cello (Herr Schubert—encored). The vocalists were Miss Nora Hayes, who was deservedly applauded for the way in which she rendered "Quando a te lieta" (*Flaut*), and Mdme Florence Grant, who received the same compliment for "Angels ever bright and fair." Encores were awarded to Mdme Florence Grant and Mdme Giovanna Ameris, for Goldberg's very charming duet, "Vieni la barca e pronta," and to Mdme Ameris and Signor Ria, for "Si la Stanchezza" (*Il Trovatore*). Mr Dyved Lewys sang "Angel at the window" (Tours), and joined Mdme Florence Grant in the duet, "Parigi o Cara" (*La Traviata*). Miss Cowen and Mr Arthur Lawrence gave their valuable aid by reciting Re Henry's comic sketch, "St Valentine," and "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell" (W. S. Gilbert). Herr Schubert conducted, and the concert was a great success.

PROVINCIAL.

MR BRINLEY RICHARDS' LECTURES.—(From the "Eastern Morning News.")—A meeting of the members of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society was held on Tuesday evening, Jan. 1st, at the Royal Institution, Hull, when Mr Brinley Richards delivered his lecture on "Music, Ancient and Modern," illustrated by a Dance Tune, 13th century, and Polonaise (Chopin), 19th century; Sellinger's round from "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book" (Byrde); Prelude and Fugue (Bach); Sarabande and "Ground" (Henry Purcell); Sonata (Domenico Scarlatti); air, with variations, "The Harmonious Blacksmith" (Handel); Lieder ohne Worte (Mendelssohn); Nocturne, Berceuse, and Valse (Chopin); "The Lake and Fountain" (Sir Sterndale Bennett); La Fileuse, Etude, and Rigaudon (Raff); Impromptu Gavotte (Walter Macfarren); Etude de concert, "Pentatonic Music" (Brinley Richards). The lecturer said there were two kinds of music—the music of nationality and the music of art. The former was that of the ancient minstrels, whilst the music of art was of comparatively modern origin. The Chinese and the Egyptians had a system of music from a very remote period, but nothing was known of it beyond the forms of their instruments as depicted on their tombs. It was said that the Greeks had a knowledge of harmony, but there were no remains of their music existing. The first organ in England was made in the tenth century, but was of very primitive construction. The dance tunes (played by the lecturer) consisted of pleasing runs, but had little or no bass. After the fifteenth century they found some additions of harmony, which gradually improved into the complicated and refined productions of modern art. The keyboard was first applied to the clavichord, then to the virginals—so called because the nuns used it in singing their hymns to the Virgin. Queen Elizabeth was an accomplished performer on the virginals; and an example from her Virginal Book was given by the lecturer. Sebastian Bach, about 1600, developed all forms of composition in an entirely new and original manner. A Prelude and Fugue by this composer were played with much brilliancy by Mr Richards. But the masterpiece of the evening was a Sonata of Beethoven's, rendered with marvellous delicacy and exquisite taste by Mr Brinley Richards. The lecturer said that Sterndale Bennett stood at the head of all English composers, and two selections given from his works certainly justified this eulogium. The programme concluded with an "Etude de Concert," composed by the lecturer in pentatonic music (scale of five tones). Another composition, a Tarantelle, by Mr Richards, called forth an enthusiastic encore, which was responded to by his arrangement of a fine Welsh march, entitled "Come to Battle." The lecture throughout was a treat rarely enjoyed by lovers of music in Hull.

COBHAM (SURREY).—A very good concert was given here on Thursday, Jan. 3rd, by Mr Frederick J. Kain, organist of the parish church. The vocalists were Madame Clara West, Miss Lottie West, Mr J. L. Gregory, and Mr Frank May, R.A.M.; solo violinist, Mr Arthur Payne, R.A.M.; pianist and accompanist, Mr F. J. Kain, A.C.O. Encores were obtained by Madame West ("The Mower and the Lass"), Miss Lottie West ("Uncle John"), and Mr Frank May ("The Yeoman's Wedding"), while other artists were certainly not less deserving of a similar compliment. Especial

mention must be made of Mr Arthur Payne's violin solo (*Legende*), and of Mr Kain's piano-forte solo (*Sonata Pathétique*). The concert was under the patronage of the Dowager Countess of Ellesmere, the Honourable Lady Grey, &c. The room was well filled. Altogether, Mr Kain is to be congratulated upon the success of his first venture. —A. B.

DERBY.—On Friday, Dec. 29, the Derby Choral Union gave Handel's *Messiah*. The Drill Hall was crowded, and the rendering of the favourite oratorio was received with the utmost satisfaction. The principal singers were Mdme Laura Smart, Miss Marian McKenzie, Mr J. W. Turner, and Signor Foli. The singing of Miss McKenzie and Signor Foli was specially admired, both being loudly applauded. The chorus and band were large and thoroughly efficient, numbering in all about 250. Mr J. H. Twinn led the band, Mr S. Neville was the organist, and Mr T. Tallis Trimmell conducted in his usual masterly manner. The solo for the trumpet was performed by Mr F. McGrath, of the Albert Hall, London.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Christmas performance of the *Messiah* could be in no better hands—says the *Daily Post*—than those of the Festival Choral Society, with its enormous resources. To adequately review all the concerted music is perfectly out of the question, and with the brief record that "And the glory," "For unto us"—the well-known choruses in the theological section of the *Messiah*—and the immortal "Hallelujah," were each and all eminently worthy of the Festival Choral Society, we must be content. Of the quartet of principals, Mrs Hutchinson came among us a perfect stranger, but as subsequent events suggest, if this is her first visit, it may not be her last. She is the fortunate possessor of a remarkably even voice, sympathetic in timbre, and one that has been thoroughly well trained. Just the slightest trace of nervousness in the earlier recitatives gave at first a suspicion of the pernicious vibrato, affected by some of our English artists, but "Rejoice greatly" quite settled the question that temporary influences only intervened in the chain of vocal parlance before "Glory to God." "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was a signal and genuine triumph for the singer. Not a phrase was hurried, not a point missed, and the exponent merited and received the heartiest recognition for her complete example of genuine oratorio singing. Although not the most exigent of sacred lyrics, the *Messiah* is a good "touch-stone" by which the good and true artist may be discovered, and Mrs. Hutchinson certainly passed the ordeal triumphantly. The tenor music was entrusted to Mr Joseph Maas, whose singing was so perfect that the finger of cavil could not be raised. "Comfort ye" was beautifully given, as well as "Every valley." On the *Passion* music the artist called with splendid results upon his unique resources. In this section his superb voice was utilized to the utmost advantage, and his pure dramatic instincts, schooled by an exceptional lyric experience, gave a picture of the sufferings of the "Man of Sorrows" that lingers on the memory. "Thou shalt dash them" was electrical in its effect. The contralto and bass parts were artistically rendered by Miss Hilda Wilson and Mr Robinson. Mr Stockley conducted, and Mr Stimpson presided at the organ.

NOTTINGHAM.—The fourth of the series of popular concerts was given on Saturday night in the Albert Hall. Miss Bleich, vocalist, and Miss Richter, pianist, were "the novelties." Miss Bleich is from the Dresden Conservatoire. She has a rich soprano voice of excellent range—says *The Guardian*—and her execution is admirable. In the first part of the programme she gave the aria, "Il Segreto," from Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* and met with a hearty recall. In the second part she gave Schubert's "Ungeduld," and the aria "Stride la Vampa," from *Il Trovatore* (encored). Miss Richter comes from the Berlin Academy of Music. She played Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, Schumann's "Soaring," and a "Minuet," followed by Rubinstein's "Waltz Caprice." Her execution is brilliant, her method of fingering admirable, and she was recalled several times. Miss Wolstenholme, of Manchester, sang Cowen's "Better Land," "Robin Adair," and other favourite songs. Mr Fred Gordon, of the Manchester Cathedral, gave "The Skipper," "Revenge," by Hatton, and Hatton's "Down in the Deep" (encored). Mr Twinn's band was again in attendance and performed a number of selections, including the overture to *Semiramide*, a gavotte, and a valse by Allen, "Moments Delicieux." A marked improvement in the band is noticeable each time it appears, and it is quite evident that Mr Twinn has in it the material for an orchestra that would compare favourably with that of most provincial towns. At the next concert, which takes place on the 12th inst., the band of the Robin Hood Rifles will appear. The singers engaged are Madame Clare Gardner, Miss Fannie Lynn, of Nottingham, Mr Buck, of Lincoln, and Mr Gadsby. Miss Adelina Dinelli will perform several solos on the violin, including De Beriot's "Scene de Ballet," and Mr Giuseppe Dinelli will perform two solos on the violoncello.

THE PIPER OF HAMELIN.

The Royal English Opera Company made a successful *début* in London on Monday evening, giving Nessler's opera, *The Piper of Hamelin*, as their *opera d'intrata*.

The second performance of *The Piper of Hamelin* at Covent Garden Theatre on Wednesday night, was even more successful than the first. There were fewer waits, and the performers seemed to be more at ease in their work. For those who have not already seen and heard Nessler's delightful opera, a few words anent the libretto may not be superfluous. The Piper in the English adaptation (the Ratcatcher in the original German), is a somewhat mysterious personage. Like Bertram in *Robert*, Caspar in the *Freischütz*, Faust, Vanderdecken, and other dramatic heroes, he has had, or is having dealings with the Devil. It is curious how rats and the devil come together in legends. Perhaps this may be because rats in themselves are to all unattractive, to some disgusting, and to a few positively horrible. So the devil is used to raise the rodents from their native dust for the time, if only into an infernal glare. There was a devil in the old nursery tale Dickens's nursemaid frightened him with. A ship's carpenter, one Chips, sold himself to this fiend for a pot of tenpenny nails and "a rat that could speak," who had the pleasant trick of turning up when least expected, and confronting Chips with an unpleasant leer of its sharp black eyes. It spoke thus:—

"A yard has ships,
A lemon has pips,
And I'll have Chips."

At which period of the story the imaginative infant Dickens "felt faint, and begged to be spared the rest." The combination of rat and devil that startled Dickens has also found favour with the Germans, who still relate the legend of the bad bishop of the old tower at Bingen, on the Rhine, whose greed was punished by his destruction by hosts of still greedier rats. Diabolical influence was in the background here. In the *Piper of Hamelin* it is the mainspring of the story. Hunold, the infernal favourite, arrives at Hamelin, the town which is plagued with a visitation of rats and mice. The authorities have heard that he has the power to charm these away by his music. They therefore ask his aid, which he agrees to give for one hundred marks in silver. They demur at the price, but finally agree to pay it. So Hunold goes out into the streets alone by moonlight. He apostrophises the moon, whose occult influence appears to have helped him in similar crises, and claims the aid of some "mighty one," evidently not a legitimate power. Then he plays on his pipe and summons the rodents, who, appearing from all parts in swarms, make for the river. He has freed the town from its plague of vermin, but he is doomed to be mischievous, as all who rank themselves under the black flag with the red sign must expect to be. A young girl, Gertrude, falls out of love with her betrothed and madly in love with Hunold at first sight; and when Hunold receives the thanks of the mayor and council, &c., in the Town Hall, he robs another worthy man of the affection of his bride. In the scene where the mayor and council show unwillingness, even a determination, not to pay the Piper the hundred marks agreed upon, there is present the recently betrothed Regina, daughter to the Mayor, and also Heribert, the young architect, the town Baillie's son—her lover. In his anger with the stingy and ungrateful authorities, Hunold makes play with his necromantic powers, and boldly demanding to kiss Regina as reward for his rat-ridding, inspires the girl with a sudden passion for him, instead of with natural indignation at such a proposal. Thus Hunold has two fair girls, who rightly belong to others, at his mercy. Regina he appears to care nothing about; she merely disgraces herself by throwing herself into his arms, an act which evidently does not interfere with her future, as she is seen going to church in her bridal dress in the last act. But Gertrude's love for Hunold is real, and leads to her destroying herself for his sake by throwing herself into the river. How and why all know that Hunold is to be saved by the sacrifice of Gertrude is one of the unexplained mysteries of operatic libretti. Gertrude dead, Hunold vows vengeance to all and sundry. He charms the children out of the church and across the bridge with his pipe-music; then, as the parents, discovering their loss, rush after him, the bridge collapses at his bidding, and he disappears into a mountain with the crowd of little ones, leaving the town of Hamelin childless.

The inevitable lack of interest in the fair-haired maidens who are so persistently fickle, has rendered the composer's task in the love-music part an arduous one. But although Herr Nessler could scarcely have been inspired by his theme, he has given us some of the most fascinating amatory music on record. The wicked Piper's apostrophe to Regina, "O lily fair," is a gem, and the melody is strangely original in this century of involuntary or unconscious imitation. Dorothea's song on the subject of love ("O strange and

sweet are the whispers you hear") is refined, fanciful and delicate to a degree, with its murmuring treble accompaniment. There are several duets worthy of high praise, more especially in the dramatic scene where Wulff upbraids his faithless Gertrude in Act II. But it is not only in portions of the opera that Herr Nessler forces our approval and holds our minds by some spell, even as the Piper influenced the women, children, and rats of the German town. From the first bar to the last there is always something to be admired, from the few bars of *intermezzo* or introduction to the working up of the *finales*. Herr Nessler is content to weave his music on the tried old loom, and we are not distracted by the roar and thunder of a steam-factory of sound-producers. Music such as this is the natural outcome of the gradual development of the art. It is not phenomenal or eccentric. It is not a flaring defiance of loved and accepted forms. It does not majestically declare—"All those are dead. I only Am, and ever shall be." Therefore it will not lead to controversy or be imitated. Herr Nessler may not be a genius bent on squaring the musical circle and on making the fact that he has almost succeeded in doing so known from pole to pole. But he is a talented man with a flow of inspiration and indomitable perseverance, and those who enjoy the *Piper of Hamelin* will look forward to the production in London of *Der Wilde Jäger* and his other works with something stronger than mere pleasurable anticipation. Sampson.

The third performance of *The Piper of Hamelin* took place on Friday evening, Tuesday being devoted to Wallace's *Maritana*, with Miss Emily Parkinson, Mr J. W. Turner, and Mr Albert McGuckin in the principal characters; and Thursday to Gounod's *Faust*, with Mdmé Julia Gaylord as the unhappy Marguerite, Mr Packard as Faust; Mephistopheles, Valentine, and Siebel being entrusted to Mr Albert McGuckin, Mr James Sauvage, and Miss Lucy Franklin. The theatre was crowded in every part, and the opera altogether remarkably well performed, Mdmé Gaylord winning genuine and deserved applause throughout, especially after the "Jewel Song," which it was difficult for the clever artist to refuse singing again, so spontaneous and hearty was the applause at the conclusion. After each act the performers were called before the curtain to receive the "reward of merit." Mr Betjemann conducted the opera like a thorough musician. To-night the *Tronatore* is to be given, with Mdmé Blanche Cole, Miss Lucy Franklin, and Mr Packard as principal singers; and on Saturday next Mr Julian Edwards' new opera, *Victorien*, founded on Longfellow's *Spanish Student*, is to be produced, the composer conducting.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Mr John Boosey gave the first of his spring series of Ballad Concerts on Saturday morning last, when St. James's Hall was crammed from "floor to roof." The same well-known favourite singers gave the popular ballads of the "olden time" and of "the day" with their accustomed success, winning the usual hearty applause. Madame Neruda also assisted at this concert. The next concert is announced for Wednesday morning, and the first evening concert of the season for Wednesday, Jan. 23.

POPULAR CONCERTS.

Mr Arthur Chappell began his spring series of Popular Concerts on Monday evening last, with Mdmé Frickenhaus, Mdmé Norman-Néruda, MM. Ries, Hollander, Zerbin, and Piatti. Mdmé Frickenhaus played Beethoven's Sonata in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2, for pianoforte alone, and the pianoforte part in Schumann's Quartet in E flat. The opening piece was Mozart's Quintet for two violins, two violas, and violoncello. Mr Edward Lloyd was announced to sing Piatti's Serenade and Gounod's "Lend me your aid" (*Reine de Saba*), but at the last moment an apology was made for his non-appearance, owing to a severe attack of hoarseness.

Jews as they are.—Messrs Simpkin & Marshall will shortly issue a new and revised edition of Mr Charles K. Salaman's successful work, "Jews as they are," which will be supplemented by a preface.

MISS G. KUHE'S THEATRICAL CAREER.—Brightonians generally will be glad to learn that Mr Wilson Barrett has engaged Miss Georgina Kuhe, the daughter of the well-known pianist and entrepreneur, Mr W. Kuhe, as one of his company for the performance of the new play *Claudian*, during a tour in the provinces.—*Brighton Guardian*.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 9.)

I do not know how it could possibly have happened that the name of Ingres did not come under my pen when I was speaking of Cherubini's friends, and of his intimate relations with some of the great artists of his day. Everybody knows the esteem and profound affection each of the two felt for the other, and we are all familiar with the admirable allegorical portrait, "Cherubini inspired by the Muse," which Ingres has left us of the composer. Cherubini is seated in an attitude of meditation; behind him the Muse, standing up, and holding a lyre in her left hand, stretches her right arm over the illustrious master in a manner suggesting that she is in mental communication with and about to inspire him. The work is incomparably beautiful, and as worthy of the noble artist who conceived it as of him whose features it reproduced. It was commenced at Rome in 1837, and subsequently completed in Paris, but not as it is at present; at first, it presented us with a figure of Cherubini alone. It was only a little later that Ingres thought of completing it by introducing the ideal personage of the Muse. With this object he one day asked Cherubini, at a meeting of the Institute, to let him have the picture back in order, as he said, that he might give it a few slight extra touches. The next day Cherubini sent it back, and Ingres, to carry out his purpose and obtain the space he required, caused the frame to be enlarged at the top and at one of the sides. After this, he added upon the canvas thus re-arranged, the fine figure of the inspiring Muse. I will here borrow from the notice published by Charles Blanc on Ingres a few interesting details which happen to refer to Cherubini's death:

"When the picture was finished, Ingres taking care to place it in a favourable and mysterious light, invited Cherubini to come and see it, but did not choose to be present at the scene of astonishment and outburst of gratitude which he foresaw. Mme Ingres alone awaited the composer as the witness of his surprise and rapture. Seated before the representation of his apotheosis, Cherubini contemplated it a long time with discouraging tranquillity, while preserving a silence which quite overwhelmed Mme Ingres. . . . At last, he rose, and, murmuring a few polite words, withdrew. The painter, who was on the watch, hastened to appear after Cherubini had left, and asked his wife what had been the effect produced by the surprise they had arranged: 'It produced none!' said Mme Ingres, 'absolutely none! no mark of astonishment or of joy, no trace of emotion!' Ingres was dumbfounded. He could not understand such insensibility on the part of a man of genius in the presence of his deified portrait.

"A few days afterwards, Cherubini, having come to pay Ingres a visit, was, in his turn, coldly received, and scarcely any attention was paid to a roll of paper he gave his host, though he did so with an air of solemnity. It was a piece of music composed by Cherubini, a canon to the glory of Ingres. After glancing at it, the painter gave it to Mme Hittorf and his illustrious colleague and friend, Auguste Couder, who made out the parts and found the music to be majestic and of rare beauty. It was arranged by M. Couder and Mme Hittorf that they should prepare a surprise for Ingres by singing him the canon one evening at the house of the lady, who agreed to give a grand dinner-party on purpose. It was the 15th March, 1842. Ingres kept them waiting, and, when he came, wore a sad and sombre look. 'What is the matter, my dear friend!' said Couder. 'I am deeply grieved,' replied Ingres; 'Cherubini died this morning.' On receiving this intelligence, the guests tacitly gave up the plot they had formed to sing unexpectedly the canon which they had learnt and rehearsed. After dinner, however, they changed their mind, and, while Ingres appeared absorbed in thought, they suddenly aroused him by the fine phrases of the music composed in his honour. He burst into tears."

This canon, written expressly for Ingres and published by Charles Blanc in his book on the author of "La Source" and "Stratonice," was assuredly Cherubini's last composition, since it was written only a few days previous to his death. It is, also, almost the only one the composer did not catalogue.

The artists of France determined to pay Cherubini that homage which was, for so many reasons, his due; they opened among themselves a subscription with the object of erecting over his tomb a monument worthy of him; the Municipal Council of Paris joined them in their plan and gave the necessary ground

* The first sketch for Cherubini's portrait (before the change, and, consequently, without the Muse) is now in the possession of M. Ambrose Thomas, who had it from Ingres himself. It is a marvellously beautiful design.

gratuitously.† Leclerc, the architect, a member of the Institute, undertook the construction of the monument, and the fine marble medallion upon it is the work of Dumont, the statuary, who, like Leclerc, was also a colleague of Cherubini's at the Academy of Fine Arts. The inauguration afforded an opportunity for an interesting ceremonial. Shortly afterwards, the municipal authorities, wishing in their turn to glorify Cherubini's memory, gave his name to a street in Paris.‡ Lastly, after the lapse of fifteen years, Italy herself was roused. About 1860, after the War of Independence, which was waged with the assistance of French arms, a committee was formed to erect in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence, a monument to that city's illustrious son. Funds were collected, to them being added the receipts of an extra performance given in Paris on the 22nd December, 1861, by the Society of the Conservatory Concerts, and Cherubini's mausoleum, a very remarkable work of the sculptor Fantacchiotti, was placed in Santa Croce in 1869. From that day Cherubini was honoured as he deserved to be, both in the country where he was born and in the country where he died.§

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—The new theatre erected in Coventry Street, and to be named "The Prince's," will be opened next Friday, January 18, under the management of Mr Edgar Bruce, with Mr Gilbert's fairy comedy, *The Palace of Truth*.

ROBBERY FROM MADAME ALBANI.—At the Manchester city police-court on Monday, a young woman named Susan Wilson was committed to prison for two months for stealing a valuable travelling rug belonging to Madame Albani. On the 20th of December last Madame Albani sang at the Free Trade Hall. The rug was put into her cab at the hotel, and it was not missed until she wanted to use it on returning from the performance.

CAGLIARI.—Mario has bequeathed to the Municipality of this place his musical library, which contains various precious MSS, including the original copies of the songs, airs, &c., added expressly for him by different composers to their operas, as, for instance, the romance: *Anch'io provai le tenere Smanie*, interpolated for him by Donizetti in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

BRESLAU.—The principal feature at the Silesian Musical Festival here, on the 15th, 16th, and 17th June, will be Martin Blumner's oratorio, *Der Fall Jerusalems*, performed under his own direction. The other works will be the 100th Psalm, set by Jadassohn; "Des Sängers Fluch," Schumann; "Christophorus," Rheinberger; Concerto in E minor, Beethoven; and a new Symphony by Count Hochberg. Professor Julius Schäffer of this town, and Herr L. Deppe, from Berlin, will officiate as conductors.

† By an order of the 11th June last, the King has been pleased to approve of the resolution by which the Municipal Council of the City of Paris granted gratuitously a piece of ground in the cemetery of Père Lachaise for the erection of a monument to the memory of Cherubini. The resolution was couched in these terms: "Considering that the long career of Cherubini, who died an octogenarian, was nearly all passed in France, his adopted country; considering that the City of Paris was for sixty years the scene of his glory; that his labours, as varied as they were numerous, that his superintendence, as constant as it was enlightened, had as their principal results the prosperity and incontestable superiority of the Conservatory of Music, which, though a national establishment, sheds its lustre more particularly on the City of Paris, &c." Nothing will therefore be wanting to this manifestation so legitimately obtained by genius. The artists are already at work, and it will not be long ere the monument is erected. —*Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, of the 20th August, 1843.

‡ It is one of the streets running into the Place Louvois.

§ The City of Florence decided on giving the name of Cherubini to one of the theatres there, the Theatre Pagliano, which was so called after a physician who had built it and was the inventor of some medicine or other. But the physician objected, and, not to hurt his feelings, the decision was not carried out. But, at the present day, the physician is dead, and his heirs do not reside in Florence, so that probably there would be nothing to prevent the realization of the once abandoned project.—Here is the programme of the concert given by the Society of the Conservatory Concerts in aid of the subscription for the Italian monument to Cherubini:—1. Overture to *Anacréon* (Cherubini); 2. Chorus from *Blanche de Provençe* (Cherubini); 3. "Chant des Titans" (Rossini); 4. Fragment from the Ballet of *Prometheus* (Beethoven); 5. Introduction and Chorus from *Elisa ou le Mont Saint-Bernard* (Cherubini); 6. Symphony in C minor (Beethoven). On this occasion, Rossini, in remembrance of his old friend, scored his "Chant des Titans," the Italian words of which, due to M. Torre, husband of the famous dancer, Mme Ferraris, were translated by Emilian Pacini.

WAIFS.

Kuon is engaged at the Teatro San Carlo, Naples.
 Gayarre has been singing at the San Carlo, Lisbon.
 A Politeama is being erected in the Piazza Solferino, Turin.
 M. Léo Delibes' *Lakmé* has been successfully produced at Rennes.
 Verdi has been made honorary member of the Circolo Artistico, Genoa.

Mdlle Donadio has been much applauded at Rome in Donizetti's *Philtre*.

A new opera, *Il Cid*, music by Copola, will shortly be produced in Turin.

The Duke of Coburg has conferred the Saxe-Coburg Order on the tenor Mancio.

Carlo Gomez's opera, *Il Guarany*, has been given at the Teatro Civico, Cuneo.

The monument to Goldoni was solemnly inaugurated a short time since in Venice.

Bianca Lablanche is engaged for the winter season at the Teatro Bellini, Palermo.

The ballet of *Excelsior* is announced for performance in Naples, Genoa, and Turin.

The Teatro Nuovo, Naples, very narrowly escaped being burnt down on the 24th ult.

The great Italian tragedian, Salvini, has been giving a series of performances in Rome.

Madame Boniface has been produced with success at the Théâtre des Nouveautés, Toulouse.

Marie Van Zandt proceeds shortly to Nice, where she will sing in an Italian version of *Lakmé*.

The King of Italy lately sent the tenor Tamagno a buck, shot at one of the royal shooting-parties.

It is proposed to give a performance in Cagliari for the purpose of erecting a monument to Mario.

Gevaert's opera, *Quentin Durward*, will be performed this winter at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Weimar.

Lecocq's comic opera *Le Jour et la Nuit* has been some time in rehearsal at the Circo de Price, Madrid.

Franz Kullak, director of the new Academy of Music, Berlin, has been created a Royal Prussian Professor.

M. Jules Cohen, professor at the Paris Conservatory, is about to marry Miss Savill, a young English lady.

Señor Arrieta's *San Franco de Sena* has been as well received in Alicante and Santander as it was in Madrid.

The season at the Teatro Solis, Monte-Video, opened with *Poliuto*, Aramburo, the tenor, being much applauded.

The King of Sweden has conferred the Wasa Order on M. Meyer, stage manager-in-chief of the Opera, Stockholm.

Signorina Urban, with Frapoli and Maini, is engaged to sing in *Lucrezia Borgia* at the Teatro San Carlo, Naples.

A society, called the Circolo Bellini, has been formed in Naples, with the object of giving vocal and instrumental concerts.

The Prince of Wales has again consented to act as president of the twenty-first triennial Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festival.

M. Gustave Frédéricx, musical and dramatic critic of the *Indépendance belge*, has been created a knight of the Order of Leopold.

Madlle Lina Schmalhausen, a pupil of Kullak and F. Liszt, has been appointed Court Pianist by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

The Teatro Pagliano, Florence, will be opened in Lent by Signori Boracchi and Piontelli, who will bring out Arrigo Boito's *Mefistofele*.

Athos, the baritone, having been telegraphically engaged, chose *Il Trovatore* for his first appearance at the Italian Opera, St Petersburg.

The Italian opera-company at Montevideo have left that place for Europe, where they may be expected towards the close of the month.

Spohr's *Jessonda* is in preparation at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, and will be performed on the 5th April, the centenary of his birth.

The King of Spain has presented Signorina Gargano with a diamond brooch, and Battistini and Nannetti with diamond and sapphire pins.

The 200th representation of the highly-successful comedy, *Confusion*, will take place, at the Vaudeville Theatre, on Wednesday, January 16th.

A new opera, *Kunihild und der Brautritt auf Kynast*, music by Cyrill Kistler, will ere long be produced at the Court Theatre, Sondershausen.

A young Spanish prima donna, Señorita Elisa Vazquez, has appeared, not without success, as the heroine in *Saffo* at the Buen Retiro, Barcelona.

The season in Warsaw was brought to a close by a performance of *I Puritani*, in which Varesi, as the heroine, was much applauded.

Scene-painters and costumiers have been for some time very busy preparing for the production of *Gioconda* at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Duprez, the whilom tenor, was thrown from a carriage lately in Paris, and it may be some time before he fully recovers from the effects of the accident.

Another infant phenomenon has cropped up in the person of Costa Maria, a pianist, eight years of age, who took part in a recent concert at the Teatro Gerbino, Turin.

After fulfilling her engagement at Warsaw, Elena Varesi went for a few days to Milan, whence she proceeded to Florence. There she will remain till she leaves for Santiago.

Ponchielli's *Figliuol Prodiogo* has been received with much favour at the Teatro Regio, Turin. The same composer's *Gioconda* has been but coldly received at the San Carlo, Naples.

M. Salvayre's *Richard III.*, on the mounting of which M. Vizen-tini spent 150,000 francs, is the first previously unperformed opera by a French composer ever brought out in St. Petersburg.

Owing to the want of the necessary artists, it is probable that Miceli's new opera, *La Figlia di Jefe*, though promised in the prospectus, will not be given this season at the San Carlo, Naples.

NEW ORGAN FOR FRIAR LANE CHAPEL, NOTTINGHAM.—Messrs C. Lloyd & Co., of this town, have secured the contract for building the new organ for the above place of worship, and which is to be opened in April next.

Paul Taglioni, many years director of the ballet at the Royal Opera, Berlin, died on Sunday, January 6th, aged 75. He was born at Milan, his father being the celebrated ballet-master, Philippe Taglioni. In creative skill he is said to have excelled his father, and many of his ballets have been produced at the principal theatres in Europe. One of his daughters married Prince Windischgrätz.

Dr George Danford Thomas, the coroner for Central Middlesex, held an inquest at Providence Hall, Church Street, Paddington, into the circumstances attending the death of Josephine Louise Elise Françoise Palamidissi, aged 10 months, daughter of an Italian professor of music, residing at 32, Westbourne Park Terrace, Westbourne Park, who met her death by drowning on Monday, Dec. 31. Evidence was given showing that Jessie Stewart, the nurse to the deceased, on Monday evening had the deceased, with other children, in the bed-room, and, being called away, she left the deceased playing on the floor, and when she returned, some time afterwards, she found that the deceased was in a foot-bath, and, on taking her out, she found that she was quite dead. The medical evidence showed that death had resulted from suffocation by drowning, there being 3 1/2 in. of water in the bath. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

FRANKFORT-ON-MAINE—(From our own Correspondent).—With reference to the late Signor Mario, the enclosed letter addressed by him to Kapellmeister Goltermann on the 4th July, 1876, may be of interest. The letter is written in graceful terms in acknowledgment of a performance at the Stadttheater of Ouverture *Zu den Hebriden* and Mendelssohn's *Loreley* Finale (Loreley, Fräulein Hofmeister, the present Mme Sachse-Hofmeister at the Operahouse, Berlin). (See letter in another column, p. 24.—W. D. D.) Concerning Mr Goltermann, I take the following from the *Musik-Lexikon* of Doctor Hugo Niemann, published by the Leipzig Verlag des Bibliographischen Instituts, 1882:—"Georg Eduard Goltermann was born 19th Aug., 1824, at Hanover, where his father was organist. As an executant of the violoncello he was a scholar of Trell (son) and, in 1847-9, of Menter, Munich. He studied composition under Lachner. In 1850-1 he made concert-tourneés as 'cello-virtuoso. In 1851 a Symphony of his was performed at Leipzig. He was Musik-Director in Würzburg in 1852. He was appointed Second Kapellmeister at the Stadttheater in the same year, and First Kapellmeister in 1874, the post which he still fills at the old Stadttheater and new Operahouse. Goltermann was an eminent 'cello player, and is best known for his compositions for the violoncello and other respectable works—last, not least, his *Lieder*. Another 'cello-virtuoso, Johann August Goltermann, born 15th July, 1825, at Hamburg, who was first 'cellist at the Hofkapelle at Stuttgart, was no relative of the former."—Doctor Hans von Bulow announces three concerts of the Court-Orchestra of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, to take place at the Concert Hall here on the 7th, 8th, and 21st January. The first concert will be devoted to Beethoven, the second to Brahms, and the third will, besides these masters, give Hector Berlioz's Ouverture to *Shakspere's König Lear* and Weber's Ouverture to *Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon*.—The programme at the Operahouse this week consists of *Carmen*, *Freischütz*, *Czar und Zimmermann*, *Oberon*, and *Mignon*. Besides there are daily afternoon performances, at reduced prices, of *Struwwelpeter*.—D.

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